

Event Display

Scott Menary

Prints of darkness,
a touch of Lear in the control room.
Hamlet too,
as I view images of collisions on a monitor,
a glass set up to see the inmost parts of us all.
Dust on dust, ashes from ashes,
clashes so probabilistic,
could we really have been borne of this?
I drift to some far off night, a bar,
the cue ball leaves a sheepish 2 ball behind
and slips into the side pocket.
So predictable, repeatable, immutable,
With my day job inevitably intruding,
I slap another dollar down
and wait my turn.

[The original words from Hamlet are:

"You shall not budge. You go not till I set you up a glass where you may see the inmost part of you!"]